



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ART. II. — *Miei Ricordi di Massimo D'Azeglio*. Due Volumi. Firenze: G. Barbèra, Editore. 1867.

AT the age of sixty-five, in the retirement of his charming rural home, within sight of the fairest hills and most beautiful lake of his beloved country, Massimo D'Azeglio began the record of his life, — not to vindicate, far less to celebrate it, but to make its experience a lesson to the youth of Italy, and to preserve, in the vivid retrospection of bygone traits and aspects, the interesting facts of a career intimately associated with the fortunes, the fame, and the civil vicissitudes and progress of the nation. Perhaps the life of no one of her citizens, during the period included in these memoirs, could better illustrate the condition and characteristics of her people. It includes the memorable era from the campaigns of the first Napoleon to the reforms in Sardinia which made way for the establishment of the new kingdom; and all the ideas and incidents of statesmanship, art-study, authorcraft, aristocracy, republicanism, society, and citizenship involved therein are here revealed. What adds to the significance of the record, and gives it piquancy as well as pathos, is, that, while D'Azeglio so largely shared in the course of public events, and was so bound by intelligent sympathy to the political development of his native land, he was an exceptional Italian. We are, he says of his family, *di testa un poco dura*; he speaks of his *profonda desolazione d'essere nobile*; he confesses to a sense of humiliation on the score both of his high birth and his national origin, — for he thoroughly believed in personal responsibility, in the supremacy of character, and the moral necessity of labor, truth, and self-reliance, and therefore repudiated the claims of rank, and recoiled from the supine, self-indulgent, and uninformed spirit of his countrymen; he was superior to their traditional prejudices, and impatient of their superficial culture; the ideals of his youth were heroic; he lived above the world while in it, and, in the centre of a profligate and hypocritical circle, in the maze of political intrigue, or the Vanity Fair of fashionable life, acted always with courteous reticence, but with intrepid decision, on Carlyle's maxim, "To redeem a world has not been given

thee; over one man only hast thou a quite absolute power; him redeem, him make honest, and thy life and labors shall not be in vain." Hence the universal respect he inspired; hence the boundless confidence of the king, the gracious emphasis of his writings, the benign charm of his presence, the endeared spell of his memory.

His name in these latter days has been associated with that of Cavour; but, while united in purpose, they were far apart by nature. D'Azeglio was sympathetic, and loved art; Cavour was self-contained, and utility rather than beauty was to him an ideal. Indeed, Cavour's success as a statesman has been ascribed to his self-control, so rare a quality of his race; he was Anglo-Saxon rather than Southern European in this regard; and the people, so untrained in civic knowledge, gratefully confided in such a leader. One who saw him constantly at the climax of his activity declares he never but once witnessed in him any display of emotion. When the news came of the peace of Villafranca, so unlooked-for and so disastrous to the fast-maturing and splendid programme of Cavour, he sprang impetuously to his feet with an exclamation of anguish, rushed to the railway station, entered the camp, and, with reproachful indignation, threw down his office and his hopes at the king's feet, then turned away and sought refuge under his bitter disappointment in the seclusion of his country home. D'Azeglio's fine organization, conservative instincts, dislike of affairs, and conscientious intuitions unfitted him for statecraft; but his patriotism was deep, enlightened, exalted. Day after day, during the early Sardinian reforms destined to leaven with vital harmony the political organism of the peninsula, he lay upon a couch suffering from the old wound in the knee received in battle for the land he loved, eager, assiduous, hopeful, but weary of official routine, harassed by painful solicitude and his own clear sense of right, and impatient for the hour when he could be spared from office. And when serious divergence of opinion and his own state of health justified, if they did not necessitate, his resignation, he was at heart Cavour's best ally; and the tears he shed on hearing of his death attest his personal affection.

Victor Emmanuel was educated by the Jesuits, — a kindly,

well-meaning ruler, but of limited culture. The priests watched their opportunity, and when he was prostrate from one of the cerebral attacks to which he is liable, sought to win him to their purpose. On such an occasion a lady of the court — liberal and loyal — informed the minister that an intrigue was on foot to induce the king to repudiate the Constitution. Cavour hastened to the palace, but the medical attendants refused him admission to the king's presence, to which no one was allowed access but his confessor, attendant, and physician. The fatal document was prepared; the invalid was to be lured to sign it; there was not a moment to lose. Cavour sent for D'Azeglio, who was peacefully enjoying leisure, art, and letters at his villa, but who hastened to the capital at such a summons, and, on hearing the facts, presented himself at the palace, heretofore ever open to him; but he also was refused admission. The king's life, he was assured, depended upon his tranquillity. He wrote a few earnest lines, — a protest and a plea; — appealing to the royal sense of national faith, and sent it by the hands of the same fair patriot who had warned Cavour. The word in season saved the cause and the country. Again and again, in the secret history of the last Italian revolution, the influence of D'Azeglio — an influence derived from character as well as talent — thus came unostentatiously, but effectively, to the rescue. So much did Victor Emmanuel value his affection, that, when the latter, in reproof of his scandalous amours, refused his hand, the king never ceased to seek a reconciliation.

Artist, author, diplomatist, soldier, and citizen, the versatility of his genius was as remarkable as the purity of his motives, and his steadfast devotion to truth and right. The son-in-law of Manzoni, he carried on the standard literature of historical romance initiated by the author of the *Promessi Sposi*; a votary of landscape art, he set the example of that single-hearted study of Nature, as the only source of authentic expression, which has of late years so elevated and expanded the range of this sphere of painting; a patriotic liberal, he revived the most auspicious memories of his country by his writings, and imparted the most wise and seasonable counsels with eloquent skill; a Piedmontese officer in his youth, he became

a national soldier in his prime; a diplomatic *attaché* to his father's embassy at Rome after the fall of Napoleon, he represented Italy in England when experience and renown had crowned him with honor; a consistent advocate of national unity and progress, his enthusiasm was chastened by conscience and reflection. "Who has not been a citizen," he asks, "of Athens or Sparta, or, at least, of San Marino, when a student?" He never forgot that he was a citizen of Italy; but no blind elation thereat suffered him to lose sight of the defects and dangers of her people, or to forget the vital necessity of her social regeneration.

A comparison naturally suggests itself between Alfieri and D'Azeglio. They were both natives of Piedmont, and nobly born. Each left an autobiography, wherein the perverse routine of a mis-education is deprecated. Allied to, and brought up with, the local aristocracy, both were republicans at heart. Both repudiated the false system of life prevalent in their youth, and, by force of character, redeemed the errors of early life with the lofty ambition and stern labor of mature years. Both wasted their freshness of sentiment in devotion to unworthy objects, and in each there was a complete and healthy reaction. Their love of country, baffled in its expression by despotic surveillance, found vent in literature. To both honor was a guide, safeguard, and watchword, and pride an elemental force modified by love; both were capable of stoical self-denial, and superior to the blandishments of an effete civilization; and D'Azeglio could echo Alfieri's declaration, that his head and heart were in perpetual conflict. Here the similitude ends, for these representative or ideal Italians differed in the application of their talents. The expression of their patriotism and their personal experience were as diverse as the times in which they lived and the spirit of their age.

D'Azeglio was slender and pale, with ample brow, large, expressive eyes, and a face, in his later years, marked with the traces of thought, of solicitude, and of sympathy, indicating a highly nervous organization and great refinement, with a certain latent geniality and intellectual power. Essentially lovable, exquisitely courteous, his personal magnetism and his manners perfectly accorded with the impression derived from his writings, his career as a citizen, and his acknowledged character as a man.

D'Azeglio's family, he tells us, is nearly extinguished. His only daughter, the Marchesa Ricci, published the *Ricordi*, at his request, soon after his death, which interrupted this labor of love just as his pen had reached the interesting period of civil reform and national unity, in which he took so important a part. There are those who see no just cause for regret at this premature close of his life-story, because the later chapters would inevitably have opened the scarcely healed wounds of political disappointment and personal chagrin; whereas we now have a vivid picture of his youth, his career as an author, his sacrifices and aspirations as a patriot, including a clear expression of his most cherished convictions and sentiments. The style of the *Ricordi* is singularly unaffected, and as candid as it is colloquial. As a description of Piedmont in Napoleon's time, and of Italy during the last half-century, it is such a memoir as only an artistic hand could write and an honest heart dictate. Although there are similar works in English and French equally free from pedantry and pretence, no Italian autobiography unites so much good sense and frankness with so naïve and readable a style. His views on this subject are thus stated at the outset: "Since in France they have invented *l'homme sérieux*, — since children smoke, youth of eighteen cease to dance, men of thirty marry dowries, and girls of fifteen millionnaires of fifty, — since, in short, the three mortal sins, pride, envy, and avarice, have put their feet on the other four, — there has entered into every language more or less of a magisterial, wearisome, melancholy, affected, and false tone, which I intend to avoid."

Of ancient Breton descent, and for generations resident in and identified with Piedmont, the manly aptitudes and self-reliant principles of the D'Azeglio family form a remarkable contrast to the effeminate traits of Southern Italy. These tendencies of character were, in the case of Massimo, confirmed by the example of his parents. His father was a man of strict probity, of religious principle, and of severe culture; his mother, a woman of conscientious tenderness and truth. The domestic discipline of such a family, though not free from the practical errors incident to the country and the age, was far superior, both in tone and scope, to

that which prevailed around them. Superstition and bigotry were modified by rectitude and devotion; a pedantic system, by natural gifts and independence of mind; honor was the motto and maxim; conjugal love, parental fidelity, and a healthful *régime*, with the influence of a sincere, though perverted, Christian faith, atoned in no small degree for senseless traditional routine, wearisome court service, and restricted experience. During the wars of the first Napoleon, the father of Massimo, a loyal soldier of the house of Savoy, suffered bravely and labored faithfully for the cause of king and country. He proved an efficient officer, was long a prisoner of war and a sad exile; and the boyhood of his gifted son was associated with warfare, of which his native state was the arena, with banishment therefrom, with the anxieties of an invalid mother, with patriotic aspirations and sacrifices.

Born on the 24th of October, 1798, in the Casa d'Azeglio, Via del Teatro, in Turin, the child's earliest years were alike sheltered by domestic love and exposed to public calamity. The honest and kindly monarch, to whose house the family had been for generations devoted, lacked strength of purpose and bold enterprise, but was endowed, like most of his race, with personal qualities not unworthy to enlist noble sympathies. The boy Massimo was taken to Florence, and with his experiences in that city began the conscious interest of his life, which, as renewed in the philosophic retrospect of honorable age, presents the best illustration of the vicissitudes of his country, the best comment on her national character. For, with the historical associations of the early career of Bonaparte, which so directly influenced the fortunes of his family, are blended his childhood's memory of the Italian representative man of that era, — one of the most vivid pictures of his infancy being the presence of Alfieri standing by his side, as he sat, a nude little model, in his mother's lap, while Fabre, the artist friend of the poet, sketched therefrom the study for a group. "*Ehi, Mammolino, stà fermo!*" said the tragic bard and stanch patriot: and that is precisely what he did, not only then and there, but through a long life of artistic aspiration and political transition, and what his father did before him, though in a different way and on far more limited principles, — the

patriotism of the latter having been essentially local, and cherished as such among his brother Piedmontese exiles in the Tuscan capital. Of this circle he was the respected head, as well as the favorite companion of the most studious and stern of purpose among the native society, often the chosen auditor of Alfieri's new tragedy, and one of the *habitués* of the Countess of Albany's *salon*. Faith in work — so rare a conviction among his countrymen — and fidelity to principle were by such surroundings encouraged in that young heart. As naturally, too, he soon began to write verses, and sometimes recited them to Charles Stuart's alienated wife, gossip about whom was his earliest experience of the amorous frivolities of Italian society. "I see her now in fancy," he writes sixty years after, "seated opposite the casement, in her usual Marie Antoinette dress ; I see on the walls Fabre's pictures ; I see the embrasure of the window overlooking the Arno, with its three steps." He remembers how Alfieri's irreligion saddened his father, and affected the interest of both parents in listening to *Alceste* and *Mirra*. While his elder brothers were sent to a Siena college, he was at first instructed at home with his sister, a sweet and tranquil child, who died in her youth. In the regular walks with his father, while sojourning at their villetta in Fiesole, or their city home in the Via delle Terme, he was educated, by precept and example, in a somewhat stoical fashion, — never much caressed or praised, but taught to bear pain uncomplainingly, to speak the truth, to regard honor as the law of life, and to respect others. "Now," he writes, "that I am old and have seen life, I bless the firmness of my father." And yet there were tender episodes in that discipline, so that it bred in the child more love than fear, and always reverence and faith. Montaigne says that one of *his* father's theories was, that the abrupt awaking of a child is a serious harm, and therefore he was roused gently from sleep by music. The elder D'Azeglio seems to have had a similar notion, for he often awakened the little Massimo, for their early walk, with a song.

Thus his childhood passed, if not always happily, in peaceful home-life and under auspicious influences, at Florence, which city he fondly calls *bella e simpatica*. Notwithstanding his sequestered life as an exile, Cesare d'Azeglio did not escape

the surveillance of Napoleon, whose decree forbade the education of Piedmontese children away from their native state. Roberto, Prospero, and Enrico were accordingly withdrawn from the Collegio Tolomei, — although their father offered to resign the king's service, now that his own country, as every Italian then called the city of his birth, was merged in the French Empire. The return of the family to Turin made a strong impression upon Massimo; their reception by the servants at the palace gate, and the salutation, "Has the *cavaliere* had a pleasant journey?" awakened in him a sense of their noble origin, — a circumstance always treated by the parents as unworthy of serious consideration, and subsequently a cause of positive annoyance to the younger D'Azeglio, who was seasonably impressed with the superiority of character to rank. Subjected to wearisome exercises of devotion by a Jesuit confessor, he wrote epigrams in his cell; obliged to study Latin and the mathematics to the exclusion of the modern languages and mediæval history, from a fear lest he should discover the abuses of the Papacy, while he knew what had happened at Athens, ancient Rome, and Babylon, he was comparatively ignorant of Italian annals. Destined, like most of the young nobles of Piedmont, to a military life, he learned to write with fluent accuracy, became a good horseman, practised field sports, and so attained two desirable advantages, — physical development, and a certain power of expression; but, like Alfieri, in the retrospect, he found his ostensible education incomplete and unsatisfactory. One of his teachers, however, Professor Giorgio Bidone, gave an impulse and a direction to his mind of permanent advantage, and, next to his parents, was regarded by him with grateful affection as a moral benefactor; for to his influence he ascribed an invaluable habit, — that of making probity and knowledge the test of worth. In the care of the wounded who were brought to Turin from Napoleon's battle-fields he also learned the great lesson of human brotherhood, and the sight of their sufferings early impressed him with the horrors of war and the claims of humanity.

Proud of his helmet and sword, while a mere youth, as one of the *Guardia Urbana*, he escorted the king on his return to the capital; but inexperienced as an officer, he felt the mor-

tification of outranking veterans. Seduced by the *ennui* of a soldier's life in time of peace, he was for a while the companion of dissipated young nobles, indulged in wild escapades, and even sold ancestral portraits to replenish his purse. But the charm of military costume and of the social consideration incident to official title, as well as the profligate lapses of adolescence, soon gave place to manlier habits. He saw the French succeeded by the Austrians, and accompanied his father on a diplomatic mission to Rome, where he was *fêted* in society, explored the relics of the old city with an archaeologist, and her art with a connoisseur, and was treated with affection by Pius VII. This memorable visit revealed to him the corruption of the Italian priesthood, awakened his civic abilities, and, above all, confirmed his artistic tastes. It was before such writers as Niebuhr and Ampère had brought the light of modern science to the illustration of antiquity, before the national idea had dawned even upon the most enlightened of his countrymen; but the transition from soldiership to diplomacy, and the social and local influences of Rome, were the means of making young D'Azeglio an eager and devoted art-student. He had at last found his true vocation; music, painting, and poetry now engrossed his mind. His sketch of society in Rome is graphic; *cicisbeism* was in vogue, ecclesiasticism flourished side by side with frivolous pleasure-seeking; and the reverend guide whom his father chose for him led him astray. But his vivid perceptions and his reflective powers were excited by this new experience. He returned to Turin more than ever disgusted with the injustice of the military system, the absurdity of aristocratic pretensions, and the vanity of an idle and uncongenial existence. Amid the gossip of the *caffè* and the excitement of pastime, his noble nature asserted itself; he felt that there were higher spheres of duty than that of a cavalry regiment; and was convinced that not what he *has*, but what he *is*, should be the solicitude of a true man. At this crisis of his youth the faithful preceptor came bravely to the rescue, encouraging his *protégé* to resolute self-culture. Like Alfieri, he renounced the follies of the past, and with intrepid zeal sought to gratify a noble ambition; but, more fortunate than his renowned countryman, he came to this wise

decision in early youth, instead of the late prime of life. Rising early, he sketched, studied, and read, with stoical perseverance, practised constant self-denial and what he naïvely calls the gymnastics of sacrifice. His boon companions sneered at the sudden reform, but his family and teachers augured an individual and honorable career from this self-reliant persistence. The D'Azeglios had, it seems, always been thought a little eccentric, — given to studies ignored by their contemporaries, capable of violent transitions, and very firm in their independence. Of course this view was confined to the prejudiced little court circle of Turin, where it was bruited abroad that the Marchesino intended to become a painter, to make art a profession. To work for a living was deemed alike derogatory to his lineage and painful as an expedient. Yet after much opposition and brave persistence, the young Piedmontese nobleman and ex-guardsman was suffered to take his own way, with the parental benediction and a scanty purse, but full of artistic enthusiasm and manly views of duty, the result, as we have seen, partly of chivalric inherited qualities, and, in no small degree, of exceptional educational advantages and auspicious parental example.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon the early years of D'Azeglio, because they explain his subsequent course, and account for what is most remarkable in his opinions and character. Thrown upon his own resources, bent upon the acquisition of an honorable subsistence, and eager to gratify a truly patriotic ambition, he broke away from the traditional routine and corrupting blandishments of life in Italy after the fall of Napoleon, to work out the problem of usefulness and honor by labor, loyalty, and art. One invaluable safeguard of his youth was horror of debt; one of the vices of his country abandoned after a brief experience was gambling; and one cause of the candor and catholicity of his social tolerance and his political moderation was his ethical theory, or rather moral conviction, applied both to states and individuals. "Liberty and independence," he writes, "it is requisite to seek and to obtain as the essential condition of the life of a nation; but it should not be forgotten, that, if the individuals thereof have not in themselves intrinsic moral worth, all the rest is vain. The work most worthy even of the entire scope of human life, is it not to rule, purify, and elevate our own nature?"

As a natural result of so abrupt a change, D'Azeglio was prostrated with nervous fever, and it was through a severe ordeal of physical suffering, as well as mental conflict, that he attained to the consistent and progressive spirit of a true artist. His life at Rome, in these first years of study, was not exceeded in frugal assiduity by the most devoted of his *confrères*. Lodging in the house of the Abbate Notali, Piazza Colonna, he practised drawing at the Academy, and, under the best artists of the day, studied the great masters, at intervals read the standard Italian authors, and exercised his own pen in dramas and sonnets, allowing himself no other recreation than an hour's gallop of a morning in the court-yard of the riding-school on Monte Cavallo, a privilege allowed him for a few *soldi* by the teacher, who had been charmed by his fine horsemanship, — living meantime on a sum fabulously small; for he preferred to be restricted to the limited allowance sent him from home, as a check upon pleasure-seeking and a stimulus to self-maintenance. A visit to Naples added very much to the young artist's experience. At Castel Gandolfo, though interrupted in his studies by a tedious attack of fever, he formed the acquaintance of several highly educated English people, — the Fairfaxes, Lady Dawson, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Knight, *gouvernante* of the Princess Charlotte, afterwards wife of Leopold of Coburg, from whom he learned English. The kind sympathy and intelligent companionship of these new friends cheered a long convalescence. In such society, he realized, as never before, the educational deficiencies of his country and her political degradation. Resuming his artistic studies, D'Azeglio seems soon to have reached the conviction that pedantic formulas are inadequate, and that success in art must be sought in truth; thenceforth he aimed exclusively to reproduce, as nearly as practicable, the effects of Nature. Landscape painting was then quite neglected in Italy, or pursued only in a conventional spirit. D'Azeglio differed from his countrymen in having a sensibility to Nature which made him wisely and fondly observant of her phases and phenomena; to this instinctive perception and sympathy he added an heroic vein, partly ancestral, and in no small measure due to his manly self-culture, which inclined him to historical art; hence

his special love, if not faculty, lay in what are called "landscapes with figures," — a sphere which, in his hands, combined somewhat of Claude's sentiment with Salvator's wildness.

With all his stern loyalty to art-studies and his isolated frugality, it was inevitable that the young, accomplished, and high-born Italian should be drawn, more or less, into the social life of Rome, and equally a matter of course that he should experience the tender passion. He gives us his ideas on the latter subject with singular candor; alludes with regret to wasted time and worse than wasted feeling; deprecates amorous intrigue, so common in the society around him, as involving constant sacrifices of truth and resort to contemptible deception, and scorns the idea of complaint when deceived: from which vague confessions we infer that the youth indulged in a long episode of fruitless passion, and knew the bitterness of disloyalty. Meantime, determined that he would not *fare il signore*, he continued to work with patient self-denial. His description of a summer sojourn with a fellow-student at Castel Sant' Elia, a deserted and dilapidated little town between Nepi and Civita Castellana, is full of graphic humor. The primitive housekeeping of the vagrant painters, their fertile expedients and cheerful economy, are characteristic of the best side of artist life in Italy; and the fine descriptions of natural scenery, not less than the enthusiastic advocacy of the school of Nature as distinguished from traditional routine in painting, indicate how earnest and philosophic his mind had become. In such passages of his memoirs we recognize the future novelist. Indeed, the wretched inn described in this chapter is the original of the one he delineates in the "Challenge of Barletta," and it is easy to see how the characters and circumstances he encountered as a wandering artist furnished the materials for many a subsequent word-picture in his novels.

It is easy also to trace the origin and impulse of his cherished political views in the thoughts which come to him as he gazes over the Campagna and the mountains from the balcony of his picturesque village studio, a few miles from Rome. Not only do the grandeur and grace of the hills and the exquisite hues of the sunset win his awe and admiration, but the distant view of the Eternal City inspires an historical revery,

wherein recalling the long line of emperors and popes that made Rome for ages the centre of political and then of religious authority, he protests against her subjection to national rule, pleading for her perpetual sway and consecrated integrity, as the central source of art and faith, hallowed by the gratitude of ages, and unprofaned by the turmoil and audacity of modern civilization: an argument eloquent, suggestive, and full of sentiment, but inspired by the soul of an artist rather than the mind of a statesman, and far more poetical than patriotic.

In art, however, as in politics and society, the moral sense and mental perspicacity of D'Azeglio led him to a higher vantage-ground and a deeper insight than most even of his educated countrymen attained. In the beginning of the nineteenth century he tells us that society was artificial, and that art suffered in consequence. He alludes to the injurious effects of patronage and academies, and describes the art prevalent in his youth as so organized that it favored mediocrity, and became a trade without individuality or inspiration. Every artist, he says, had his own hackneyed subject which he repeated *ad infinitum*. Fashion, not genius, ruled in this sphere; conventional subjects and methods usurped the place of Nature and of truth, especially in landscape art. "The woods, the oak and chestnuts of the Apennines, the shores of Sorrento and Amalfi, do not these," he asks, "deserve representation as much as the forest of Fontainebleau?" And to depict truthfully the beautiful shores and mountains, lakes and valleys, of his country, associating them with her heroic memories, became his earnest ambition and aim.

Benign were the freedom and discipline of the years of study D'Azeglio gave to art. Having, as he says, an instinct for the observation and analysis of his species, and also a zest for adventure, he was thus placed in relation with a great variety of characters and scenes: at one time living for weeks in a desolate old provincial castle, and at another domesticated with a peasant family; to-day painting a Madonna for the triumphal arch of their rural *fiesta*, and to-morrow improvising a frugal, but gay, ball for the entertainment of his humble neighbors; at Genzano and Tivoli, Albano and Rocca di Papa, at Marino and Velletri, he sketched, studied, mused, and observed. His

diaries note incidents, and his sketch-book catches figures and scenery, — a tempestuous voyage to Sorrento, a graceful *contadino*, some fact of life or effect of Nature, an herculean teamster who reappears in his novel, an antique model that illustrates a classical picture, a social phenomenon that elucidates the history of his country or throws light on some local characteristic. From Rollin and Telemachus he turns to Pignotti and Plutarch, from brigands to priests, from a court lady to a rustic beauty, from *caffè* to *atelier*, from politics to love, from an anecdote to a description, from a question of morals to a question of art, from *salon* to solitude, from the obsequies of a pope to the talk of a *caro villano*. Between action and thought, between sense and sentiment, his mind and sympathies vibrate so earnestly that we are not surprised to find him at thirty feeling like an old man because of the varied experience thus garnered.

He was comparatively mature when his second adventure in authorship established his literary fame. It was at that period of revival when Manzoni, Foscolo, and Pellico gave expression to Italian genius. Tommaso Grossi, the author of *Marco Visconti*, was D'Azeglio's confidant and counsellor. The affinity between historical painting and writing was never more effectively manifest; an identical process of research, arrangement, light and shade, central and subordinate figures, perspective and atmosphere, is exhibited, and the one art inspires and modifies the other. He naïvely acknowledges the nervous suspense attending his *début* and second experiment as an author, but he adds that his motive and aim made him invulnerable to criticism, as regarded the scope and spirit of his historical romance, so decided was his purpose "to initiate a gradual amelioration of the national character by awakening high and noble sentiments." We can readily believe his confessed delight in giving vital unity to the conceptions thus moulded from thorough research into the life of the past, and his identity of feeling with the sentiments thus incarnated.

Success attended D'Azeglio in both his chosen spheres. His earliest scenes were from Ariosto. A picture he sent to the king of Sardinia won for him a regal token of appreciation; the market value of his paintings rose with each new effort.

A list of eighty, exhibited from 1833 for ten successive years, includes landscapes from the most beautiful scenery of his native land, groups, figures, and historical compositions, — the last devoted to such subjects as “The Combat at Garigliano between the French and Spaniards,” “The Challenge of Barletta,” “The Battle of Gavinana,” “Macbeth and Banquo,” “Fight of the Col d’ Assietta,” “Fieramosca,” “Brindisi di Francesco Ferruccio,” etc. “*La mia vita*,” he truly says, was “*pittura e scrittura*.” Escaping censorship, notwithstanding its vivid delineation of the struggle for freedom and the glory of patriotic sacrifice, *Niccolò de’ Lapi* at once attained the popularity and critical value of a standard historical romance; and thus, as author and artist, D’Azeglio won fame and pecuniary independence. His artistic trophies are widely scattered; many of them are to be seen in the Royal Gallery at Turin. His best known literary achievements are the two historical novels *Niccolò de’ Lapi* and “The Challenge of Barletta,” in which are gracefully and graphically manifest his careful study and picturesque use of the mediæval architecture, costume, language, domestic habits, and popular customs of his country; the characters evolved from the political passions, the faith, and the social traits of Italy; while through and above all a patriotic sentiment, intense and pervasive, indicates with what tact and zeal he made the noble memories of the past minister to the highest aspirations of the present, and, in an age of surveillance and apathy, succeeded without interference in imparting, with rare skill and eloquence, the most needful lessons of civic courage and national self-confidence.

His political writings, seasonable, judicious, and persuasive, are not less significant and influential, and they explain his course as a statesman and his convictions as an Italian. Of these, the *Ultimi Casi di Romagna*, and the argument for making Florence the capital of the new kingdom, are perhaps the most characteristic. D’Azeglio was utterly opposed to the abortive and casual revolutions, or attempts thereat, which for so many years, under the auspices of secret societies, kept up a latent excitement, and consigned the flower of the youth of Italy to the dungeon and the scaffold. He believed only in open, patient, intelligent development of

the national will and rights. Like Balbo and Gioberti, he had faith in confederated states. He shared the enthusiasm for Pius IX., so long as the pontiff sympathized with the national movement. He spent the year 1847 in Rome, and the next year was a leader of the liberals there. He fought and fell, severely wounded, in defence of Vicenza; and when Charles Albert signed the amnesty, still hopeful despite the bad faith of princes, he went to Florence, where the Grand Duke urged him to form a cabinet; but he distrusted that weak ruler, and returned to Piedmont. After the catastrophe of Novara, he retired to Spezia to recuperate his broken health, saying, "We have saved our honor; we will try again." After three eventful years of hopeful activity came a long period of reaction. Notwithstanding his severe disappointment, he kept alive the popular cause, threatened on every side when Charles Albert had abdicated. He was the adviser of the constitutional king; at great personal sacrifice, became a minister; carried on negotiations with Austria, and calmly endured the obloquy of partisan denunciation; he defended the civil against the ecclesiastical power, and proposed taking Cavour into the cabinet, and, though warned that his new ally would overshadow him, spurned the suggestion with chivalric pride.

It has been truly said that both of these aristocrats by birth were attached to democracy,—the one by reason, the other by instinct. When a division of sentiment and policy occurred, D'Azeglio cheerfully retired; for he was not the slave of political ambition, and was glad to resign its weary honors. He declined civic rewards, sold his horses, and once more became a wandering artist. Intrigue, slander, and faction disenchanted him with statesmanship. Meantime Cavour's boundless energy found scope. He made his bold move to win over a European Congress, effect an alliance, take part in the Crimean War, and found a kingdom. Hailing D'Azeglio's co-operation with gratitude, side by side they stood by the king, accompanied him to London, and the conservative ex-minister drew up a reply to Napoleon's query, "What can we do for Italy?" He prepared the way for the Congress. But the march of events was too swift for his deliberate steps; he was dragged along in the procession. No Italian

of the day better understood his country, for he had roamed over it as an art-student; no one cherished greater hopes in its behalf, for he indulged the most exalted visions of the future. His work in the great task of political regeneration was, however, preparative; he shrank from the bold experiments of his more energetic rival; prejudices and doubts checked his progress to the goal. Yet he proudly recognized the mission, while he could not always accord in the method of Cavour. In 1859 he wrote: "Henceforth I discuss no longer; I accept your theory, and acquiesce in it; the time has arrived for uniting all our efforts to insure its triumph. Henceforth I am a *Cavourist*."

He went to Rome to negotiate with the liberals, to Paris and London to represent the national cause; when Romagna rose, he was sent to Bologna; in the spring of 1860 he was governor of Milan. But Garibaldi's descent upon Sicily disconcerted him; he was repelled by the disingenuous course of the government in relation to that affair; his scruples triumphed, and they were honest. Once more antagonistic to Cavour, he retired to private life. Appointed Director of the Royal Gallery at Turin, the duties of that congenial office alternated with his villa life at Lago Maggiore, where he painted, walked, mused, and wrote, — among other things, the *Life of Collegno*, memoirs of his friends, and the *Reminiscences* we have thus imperfectly analyzed. His dominant thought was the elevation and purification of the Italian character, as the indispensable condition of true civil liberty; he respected the Papal authority, had more faith in popular education than in political sagacity, was fondly allied to the past, devotedly loved his country, and, in a word, was more of a patriotic artist than a practical statesman.

But the consistent aspirant for truth and right, however inadequate for prompt and intrepid efficiency at a revolutionary crisis, is the best conservator of the principles of reform and progress. Events have proved that the emancipation of Italy was to be accomplished through constitutional monarchy, and that the best endowed state in this regard was to leaven those darkened and depressed by foreign despotism. And this great primary transition was initiated by Massimo D'Azeglio. His tour of political inquiry demonstrated the fact that the people

were weary of local *émeutes*, and distrusted secret conspiracies; and the account of his interview with Charles Albert, when he laid before that unfortunate, but patriotic, prince the state of the public mind, and appealed to him to lead the Italians against the invaders and concentrate their national instinct and destiny, with his memorable response, forms one of the most significant and interesting chapters in the history of Italy's regeneration. To the last his thoughts and pen were devoted to the political enlightenment and elevation of his countrymen; his correspondence, parliamentary speeches, and private counsels, as well as his pamphlets, had this single object. The permanent establishment of the capital at Florence, in connection with the Roman question and the relations of Europe to Italy, were the subjects of his last discussions. "The Pope and the Congress" treated of the ecclesiastical principle; "The Honor of Austria the Honor of Italy" and *La Patria* led Guerrazzi and Montanelli to banish him from Tuscany; then came "The Government of Piedmont and the Court of Rome," and finally an earnest and able argument in defence of national as opposed to conventional rights, entitled "Politics and the Rights of the Church in the Light of the Italian Question." Good sense and morality were the staple of his political writings, rendered attractive by clearness and vigor of style and frankness of expression.

The apparent incongruities in D'Azeglio's faith and opinions can be explained only by reference to his experience. Thus, although his superior independence and intelligence set him above the sway of bigotry and superstition, the consistent religious principle of his father, the disinterestedness and self-devotion of his Jesuit brother, and that conservative instinct which lures the artistic mind to the solemn and the beautiful in traditional influences, kept the speculative and ideal man an adherent to the Church, whose abuses no one knew better or lamented more deeply. In politics, while progressive from instinct and aspiration, and with a love of country as high as it was intense, he yet thoroughly understood the moral and intellectual defects of his countrymen, and therefore had little confidence in external reforms unaccompanied by social enlightenment and individual energy. Hence, while he argued, wrote,

and fought to shake off the invader, he did not share the blind enthusiasm of those who thought that civil freedom alone would regenerate Italy ; he felt that this must be a gradual process of education. His national pride was deeply wounded at the cession of Savoy and Nice. In his youth the French were identified with progress, the Austrians with reaction ; but he joined heart and hand in the crusade against both, when the question of national unity was involved. His solicitude for his country was extreme. It was justly said of him, that, while above, he was behind his times ; he looked back with sorrow upon the decay of the old heroic feudal love and loyalty. An integrity of character, not less firm than delicate, and a faith in open measures and gradual amelioration, made him the implacable foe of intrigue and cunning ; and therefore he was repelled by the *management* of Cavour, as well as by the old secret system of the Italian liberals. He recognized self-sacrifice as the test of patriotism and the pledge of success ; he believed in self-reliance : *Italia farà da se*, was his motto ; but she could do for herself only in proportion as knowledge and character gave vital force and harmony to citizenship. He kept Piedmont intact during the period of inaction, and influenced the king to an honest policy. To cast off duplicity, that bane of the Italian character, he regarded as essential to its elevation and efficiency ; to overcome self-indulgent habits he deemed the first step toward manly political self-assertion ; he realized that knowledge is the power whereby liberty can alone be upheld. He never sympathized with Alfieri's intense hatred of kings, nor deemed their assassination a duty as removing the chief obstacle to human progress and peace, but sought the latter in individual rectitude and social regeneration : he opposed spasmodic and local revolution, however justifiable, on the same ground. In a word, he was too wise and humane to approve abortive and irrational combinations ending only in martyrdom. All that is good, grand, and beautiful in the world he declares the child of sacrifice, of patient endurance, of gradual enlightenment, of that faith which enables us "to stand and wait" ; he distrusted passionate and furtive revolts, while he had absolute faith in the power of renunciation to renew and ennoble the soul ; firmness through long dark

fortune he honored ; right, he declared, is triumphant not so much by active as by passive force, — the force of Christian self-control, consistency, and faith sternly kept with duty and truth. Evil he traced mainly to ignorance. “The worst enemies of Italy,” he writes, “are not Austrians, but Italians ; our great need is *character*. Italy is made, but not Italians. Liberty consists in obedience. Education should not only develop intelligence, but kindle the best affections and awaken the sense of truth. There is and has been a fatal want of equilibrium between the instruction of the mind and the education of the heart, and a minister is wanted for this last public economy to teach by example.” This view he illustrates by the fact that “Napoleon, who caused the death of a million men, and broke countless hearts of their kindred, is renowned and admired, while he who saved the lives of millions, and dried the tears of their kindred, — the discoverer of vaccination, — is forgotten.” Such views, while they modified the republican zeal of D'Azeglio, isolated him from the enthusiastic and advanced liberals, except at crises where the path of national duty and honor was clearly revealed, and then his thoughts ripened into deeds of devotion and efficiency.

The life of D'Azeglio thus recorded is the life of his country before railways and journals had modified its local traits ; he describes the diversities of that life twenty years ago at Turin and Milan, at Rome and Naples, indicating the causes thereof. He partook intimately of its spirit, for his conscious existence was a perpetual struggle between inward rectitude and outward temptations, between a sense of duty and the force of circumstances. He was tolerant of speculative error, because he had known it associated with purity and devotion of character : his brother was a Jesuit, yet so ideal in his aspirations, so self-denying in his life, that he died prematurely from the effects of spiritual conflict ; his father was behind the age in his political ideas, and suffered misrepresentation accordingly from the party of progress, yet so loyal to conviction, so faithful to his civil obligations, so devoted to his country, that he inspired his son with the grand conception of *Niccolò de' Lapi*. And that son, while he had little faith in “Young Italy,” and repudiated Carbonarism, made himself a patriotic missionary, and travelled incognito to learn the sentiments of his country-

men, and convey them to the only ruler he believed so situated as effectively to become their champion. He hesitated to follow Cavour, but raised a monument to Ferruccio ; he knew that revolutions were often abortive, but that rectitude was always triumphant. " We have seen," he writes, " Mirabeau transmuted into Robespierre, Robespierre into Napoleon, and Napoleon into Louis XVIII., with Cossacks bivouacked in the Place de la Concorde." Servility and mendacity he recognized as the inevitable fruits of tyranny, and therefore advocated the gradual emancipation of their victims, that the *morale* might recover its power in order to sustain administrative amelioration. Those who are familiar with the present social and economical difficulties against which the new kingdom is contending will find ample proof of the artist-stateman's prophetic insight and wise reasoning.

D'Azeglio survived his immediate family, and was the last of four brothers, all gifted and patriotic. Robert's civic virtues and energy gained him national gratitude ; he was the author of many excellent and useful writings, and preceded his brother in the superintendence of the Royal Gallery, of which he was the founder. Massimo, in allusion to the death of his parents, truly says : " While father and mother live, we are certain of having those who love us for ourselves ; when they are gone, this certainty goes, and there only remains the possibility." The daughter by his second marriage tells us that while at his villa, in December, 1865, after writing what proved the final chapter of the *Ricordi*, he was attacked with fever. This little house, built ten years before, on the shores of Lago Maggiore, between Cannero and Oggebbio, was the favorite retreat of his later years. He went thence to Turin, and recovered from the immediate disease, but it had already undermined his enfeebled strength, and he tranquilly expired on the 15th of January, 1866. One of his last visitors was the Prince of Carignano, to whose house he had been so faithful ; his last audible word was " Italy."

The sacramental offices of the Church were administered by a priest who had long been his friend ; but of the peculiar religious views of such a man it is enough to know what he deliberately recorded in his will : " God knows that all my life I have prayed in sincerity of heart ; that I have alway

firmly held the faith that to love justice and truth, and to sacrifice one's self to others, was the best way to serve Him." He declared likewise that he felt "malice towards none, charity to all"; and that his greatest human consolation would be "to keep a place in the hearts of honest men and true Italians."

It is not surprising that D'Azeglio recognized a Providential guard and guidance as he retraced his career. Those few years of boyhood in Florence accustomed him to the pure accents of the Tuscan tongue; ten in youth at Rome won him to the love and practice of art; and the same number at Milan, in his prime, developed his literary talent, enriched his social nature, and blessed him with domestic and friendly sympathies; while the vapid and fastidious habits contracted during his early idleness under the porticos of Turin were conquered by the vicissitudes and frugality of his artistic sojourns in picturesque and rustic haunts.

The testimony of intimate associates reveals much in D'Azeglio's character in regard to which the modest spirit of the *Ricordi* keeps him silent. One assures us, that, after success had crowned his art, the greater part of his earnings was given to those poorer than himself. Another descants upon the value of his personal example, intelligence, and sympathy in art, politics, and society, and describes the *éclat* attending his best achievements in painting, literature, and patriotism. It has been justly said of him, that he was a type of that universality which distinguished such gifted Italians as Da Vinci and Angelo, — not in so great, but in a more spontaneous degree. His peculiar influence and usefulness as a citizen, member of parliament, author, artist, soldier, governor, and ambassador, have been recognized by discriminating admirers. He has been called the Fabius of the Italian Revolution. American students of his life and character will find much in him to remind them of their most illustrious citizens. Like Franklin, he avows the errors of his youth, and is a practical counsellor whose lessons are verified by experience; like Washington, he sought retirement contentedly, when his country could dispense with his services; while in the ethical basis and lucid style of his political writings we see a resemblance to those of Channing.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.